

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*



METHUEN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

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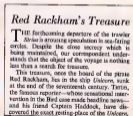


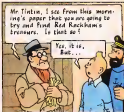
METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE







Leave this to us! We'll soon see if there's a real Rackham among that crew!

You're all descendants of Red Rackham, are you?

Good! Well, I'm descended from Sir Francis Haddock, who killed Red Rackham in single combat... and blew up his ship. And there are three...

...when my ancestor's fighting blood begins to boil!

Avoid, Freshwater pirates!
What's going on up there?



What a stampede!

Like a lot of wild elephants!

A real herd of elephants!

To be precise: a real herd of elephants!

And there are your records, fancy-dress freebooters!





No, young man, I'm talking about the sharks. I expect you intend to do some diving. In which case, beware of sharks!

But ...

Don't you agree? ... But I've invented a machine for under-water exploration, and it's shark-proof! If you'll come to my house with me, I'll show it to you.

I'm very sorry but ...

No, it's not far. Less than ten minutes ...

I'm afraid I'm very busy and I ...

Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

It's no good. There's no time! NO TIME!

Good, that's settled. We'll go at once.

I'm so glad you agreed to come!

Please don't mention it.

No. Calculus, Gubbert Calculus.

You see, here we are. One more floor ...

It's in here ...

Yes, that's a new device for putting bubbles in soda water ...

And that's a clothes brushing machine.

Not a bad gadget, eh?





And here's my apparatus for exploring the sea-bed.



As you can see for yourselves, it's a kind of small submarine. It is powered by an electric motor, and has oxygen supplies for two hours' diving...



Now I'll show you how the apparatus works...



I can't understand it!... It's sabotage! No sir, I said it's sabotage!... Someone has sabotaged my machine!



We are extremely sorry, Professor Calculus, extremely sorry, but your machines will not do





It's horrible! ... What's happened to me? ...

Nothing, Captain! It's just that you were looking in a concave mirror! And here's a convex one!

Thank goodness!

But here's another mirror... I'll just reassure myself!

Oh!

Seven years of bad luck!

And ten shillings for the mirror!

You can take it from me: I'm telling you the truth: there's no such thing as buried treasure nowadays ...

Remember that! How much is the diving-suit?

Ten pounds.

All right. We'll have it collected this afternoon. Shall we go, Captain?

Remember what I said, my lad. You won't find any treasure!

Next day ...

Good morning, Captain. All well?

No, bad!

Yes, bad. Very bad... I'm ill... 'Flu, I expect... And I've been thinking... I... well... briefly, to put it in a nutshell, I'm not going!



You can't be serious!

Perfectly serious. I'm not superstitious, but to break a mirror on the eve of a voyage... No, definitely, I'm not going!



Hello!



Bad news, my friends. We've just heard that Max Bird has escaped!

What did I tell you?...
A good start, isn't it?



Yes, that troublesome antique dealer - he managed to give two policemen the slip when he was being taken for questioning.

That's bad...



There's a letter for you, Captain



For me!... What's this about?



Billions of billions blue blithering barnacles!



Is it bad news, Captain?

Read for yourself!
It's ghastly!

DOCTOR A LEECH

Dear Captain,
I have considered your case, and conclude that your illness is due to poor liver condition.
You must therefore undergo the following treatment:
DIET - STRICTLY FORBIDDEN:
All alcoholic beverages (wine, beer, cider, spirits, cocktails).



Good-day, gentlemen! I hope I'm not intruding.



No! Well, I'm happy to tell you my machine is ready now.
When may I come aboard?



You can't come aboard! We aren't interested in your machine!

Tomorrow!



No not tomorrow! Never!

Today?... Good. I'll go and fetch it at once.





Yes, you are in danger. Max Bird, the anti-larc dealer, was seen last night skulking near the SIRIUS. He may try to take his revenge.

Just let him try!
He'll find out...



Maybe, maybe. But anyway, now we are aboard you will be able to feel that you are perfectly safe.

To be precise: perfectly safe.



We shall see... Meanwhile we must find you a berth. Let's see... We've a couple of spare bunks forward. Will that do?

Yes, thanks!



Captain!... Captain!



Captain, I can't stand it!

What?



This knacker Snowy - he's stolen a whole box of biscuits!

No?...!

Snowy?...



Yes, Snowy! I saw him just now near the galley!

Snowy?... Where is the wretched animal?



Snowy?... SNOWY!...



I can't see him, the scoundrel! But don't worry, I'll see that it doesn't happen again...

Good...



Er... our cabin is forward, isn't it?

Yes... Forward...



We'll change at once, and mix discreetly with the ship's company...

Good... then!



We must behave like old sea-dogs



For a short, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



What do we do, Captain? We're tearing down on that fishing fleet...

Give a blast on the screw, that'll warn them.



Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too... I swallowed it!...



Next day



There has got to stop!... You it's got to stop!



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wrecked dog!



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where's he hiding?... Snowy!



Snowy!... Snowy!...



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth could he be? ...



You really saw him walk off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed ...



You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of any thing unless you have proof?... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



That evening ...

Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry, I'll watch him. Good night, Captain ...



THIEF!
SAME TO YOU

Crumbs!
That's the
big debate
bites ...



What's going on
here? ...



It's him, Timkin! ... He's
stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's
here-let's taken one of
my blankets!



Argn't you ashamed, at your age?
Quarrelling over such trifles! Now,
that's all over, isn't it?



Now let's go
to bed!



Billions
of blisters
ing born
across!



What's the matter, Captain?

The matter? Bickering
harmless, my bottle of
whisky has vanished!

Vanished? Someone
must be worried
about your health
and is keeping you
to your diet...

You can laugh!
... But if I
catch the crook,
he's in for a
rough time!

We'll investigate
it in the morn-
ing. Now let's go
to bed. I'm dead
tired. Good night!

You go to sleep if you like. I
know what I'm going to do

Thundering typhoons!



THUMP
~THUMP~
THUMP

Tinkles, tinkles, come
quickly! There's
not a moment to
lose!...

We're going to blow up
a bomb in the hold! There's a

I went down to the hold to
open a case of whiskey. And
instead of whiskey
I found a bomb there!

Here we are... Careful!

I'm here... Look...

Careful!... Don't go near it!

I think. We've got to
get to the bottom of
this...

Well?...

Steel plates!

Steel plates?...

You're right, by thunder!...
Then it's not a bomb after all?...

Definitely not. Look, we'll
open another case...

Blistering barnacles!
More steel plates!

And in this one...

More steel plates!

Stomping blood! There's
not a drop of whiskey
aboard! If I catch the
monster who played
this trick on us, he'll
be in for a rough
time!...

Come on, Cap-
tain. We'll try
and solve this
mystery in the
morning...

Next day...

Anyway, we can't accuse Smokey
any more. Some biscuits even
a chick-
not a bottle of whiskey!





Thundering typhoons!



ZZZ .. ZZZ
... ZZZ...



Billions of bil-
lions blue his-
tering blizzards!
Get up, you!



My whisky, you wretch! ...
What have you done with
my whisky? Thundering
typhoons, indeed me! ...
Where's my whisky?



I must confess, I did sleep rather
badly. But I hope you
will give me a cabin ...



A cabin! ... I'll give you a
cabin! ... I'm going to stow
you in the bottom of the hold
for the rest of the voyage, on
dry bread and water! ...
And my whisky! ... Where's
my whisky?



It's on board, of
course!

It's on board! ...
Heaven be praised!



Naturally it is in sep-
arate pieces...

In separate pieces...
My whisky is in sep-
arate pieces!



Of course, it is a little smaller
than the first one, but neverthe-
less it was too big to pass un-
noticed. So I had to dismantle
it and pack all the parts in the
cases...



But what about the
whisky out of those
cases? Tell me! Is it
still ashore? ...

Oh no!



No, no! It was the night before you sailed.
The cases were still on the quayside, ready
to be embarked. I took out all the bot-
tles they contained, and put the pieces
of my machine in their place...



Wretch! ... Ignominious!
... Abominable Snowman!
... I'll throw you over-
board! Overboard,
if you hear!



Still nothing... It's very strange...



What's the name of the island?

How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.



Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?

Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.



Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake on your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right... They're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!



Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



A few minutes later...

You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...



Why must we take off our hats, Captain?...

Oh!...



?



Now...

But Captain, tell us what you mean...



I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of bounding typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to!



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go on, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude $20^{\circ}37'42''$ North, longitude $10^{\circ}52'15''$ West. Here's our position now, the same latitude, longitude $31^{\circ}2'29''$ West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!



Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I need one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart - he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian - and that lies more than one degree east of Greenwich!



Blasting harknesses, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



Concentrate
at the wheel!
... Helms
ward a port!
... Midships!
... Steer
due east.



Captain, what is hap-
pening? ... We seem
to be turning back.



Oh, that's all right
then ... I was afraid
we were turning
back.



How easy it is to be mistaken.
I'd have sworn we'd
turned back.



That evening...



There it is at last! Our
Breasure island!



It's too late to go
ashore tonight. We'll
drop anchor, and to-
morrow we'll explore
the island ...



Next morning...



Haul the boat up the beach. I'm
going to recommend









My word! It's wasn't to be
Sir Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice
must have made an enormous
impression on the natives. I
can just imagine their faces the
first time they heard
him shout:
"Return my
rum!"



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



What's the matter,
Captain?



Who should
like that?



What?... Wasn't
it you?

No, it wasn't me! Then-
during typhoons!

Yes, it's Sir Francis
Haddock.



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



It came from over there.



Not a soul!



This island is h-h-haunted,
Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to
the sh-sh-ship.

To b-b-be precise- I- let's
hurry back t-t-to the
sh-sh-ship.



Pithécanthropus!...
Pachamark!...



Packmark yourself, you gh-
boring ghost!











Next day...



You've made
up your
mind?



Yes... Professor Calculus
has explained exactly how
his machine works. It'll be all
right...

Stop! ... Just a
min-... uh!...



I forgot to tell you. When you locate the
wreck, press the little red button on
the left of the instrument panel. That re-
leases a small sonar attached under-
neath the machine. It is full of a sub-
stance that gives off black smoke when it
comes into contact with
water. That will show us where
the wreck
lies.



A little red
button?... Right!

No, no! A lit-
tle red button
... You've got
it! Good...
Well, goodbye,
and good
luck!



There he goes: he's dived.



There is fun, eh
Smugg?

Golly, what a
lot of water!



Let's hope nothing goes
wrong...

How long? Why, it's
only ten minutes since
he dived...





OH!

Captain, look there!... Look!...
No, over there! Swivel!... He's
found the wreck!

Patience, Snowy!... It won't be long be-
fore someone comes to rescue us.

Away there! ... Lower
the dinghy!... We'll
drop a buoy over the
spot Tintin has marked.

There's
his buoy...

... And there's the underwater
viewing on a submersible.

It worries me a bit that Tintin
hasn't come
up again...

No, but I was
a great sports-
man in my
youth...

...And that accounts for the accident-
in figure I still have...

Yes!...

To be quite honest, no...
It was mostly walking
...

Let's see...

Thundering typhoon!.. It's not the
wreck!... It's
Tintin!

Wonderful! Quick,
let me look...

Oh, Columbus!... The propeller
has been fouled by weeds!...
How can we save him?

?

Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tjebbe. He can't resurface.



Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!



Way down? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!

I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...



What can we do? How can we save him?



Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd get our equipment and ready, Tjebbe would be dead...

No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for securing the buoy!



The anchor? What for?...
The anchor! For!...

Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the seals break...



That's it! Let it down... Lower... lower... lower... gently...



An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...



He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A hit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!



Ah, they've got it!... I've saved!... Just in time! I'm suffocating.

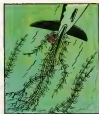


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Missed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right... now to the left... pull it up gently.





Fresh air!... Fresh
air at last!...



Hooney!... He's
safe!... Hip-
hip-hooney!



All's well!... The Captain
has climbed back into the
boat... He's salvaged the
body... heeled the anchor
inboard... thrown a lifeline
to Tintin... Ah, here
they come...



Well, our friend Tintin had a narrow
escape!

You are wrong, I assure
you. Wade jammed
the propeller. You'll
see when we're
back on board.



You see?... It's just as I
said. Woods...

Really? I
thought they
were woods...



Woods or no
woods, I
don't set
foot in that
thing again!
...



Fine. Get it
ready. Sunday
and I am set-
ting out again
immediately!



Let's hope he doesn't
run into any more
trouble this time.



What shall I
do? Tell him
...or not?



I've made
up my mind...



I... Captain... I've
bad news for you.

Bad news for
me?



No, bad news for you, very
bad news... I'm afraid the
UNICORN is not here...
Look...

What's that
jargon, eh?



Yes, it's a pondulum. I've taken up the study of diving, and I've arrived at the conclusion I just gave you...

All from that whatzit?



Yes, much further west... You'll see. My pondulum will begin swinging from east to west... Look, it's started...



You see? ... It's swinging westwards. The UNICORN will be found in that direction.

Look there, Captain! Smoke!



And look, there's the submarine surfacing! ... This time we've got it! ... He's found the wreck!



Have you found it?

Westwards... It's still westwards



Yes, I've Found the UNICORN! ... You can prepare the diving equipment!



You're sure you'll be all right?

Certain! I'll do everything exactly as you told me...



Good! Now, don't forget... If you want to come up, jerk the line twice... In an emergency, give a series of quick jerks.

Right!



Come on, pump hard! We are!

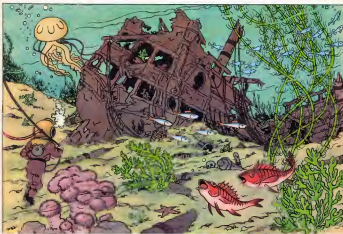


Woah! Woah!



Woah! Woah!





Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoon! What are you two
doing there, instead
of pumping?

Ha? We're resting...it's
boring work, you know.



You infernal
supercreations
of Abominable
Snowman!
Pump for your
lives!...faster!



Whew!...That's better!
... Now the air's coming
again. That gave me
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN is
not here, why has Tintin gone down?

He's picking droives down
below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat!

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up. I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones!... and a cutie!... I say,
this cross is superb!

We've made a good
start, eh?



Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?



Yes, it's a good start. But this is nothing to what else we shall find. You'll see, I'm going down myself, this time.



By the way... are... any sign of sharks?



No, none at all.

Here's your helmet.

Good.



OW!... OW!... OW!

Whatever's the matter?



Hissing hermies! My beard!



There, now your beard is inside.

Good. You can close my helmet now. Keep an eye on that pump.



Aha! Now to find the treasure!...



A few minutes later...

A series of jerks!... The danger signal!...



Harry! hurry! pull him up! ... Something frightful must have happened!



Let's hope that it's not a shark...



At last!





A bottle? What can that mean? ...



A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



glug
glug
glug



Mm! ... It's wonderful! ... It's absolutely w-o-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it! ... Yes, yes, that's P-P-For you! ... I'm-g-going ch-ck-it-straight back to-get a-a-mechanic f-for m-myself...



That broke everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of billions blue
blinkering barnacles!
Those two jelly-fishes
forgot to pump again!
...



San-phurkined! ...
Freaky-freaky nubes!
Ecogluama! ...
Banks - but nubs!



But...but it wasn't us, you
Silence! You were told
to pump, then pump,
by thunder!



It's no use drying
yourself, Captain! You
must empty your suit
first ... Take it off
now.



Take it off? ...
Never!
Never!



I'll rest a min-
ute and go
down again.







What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

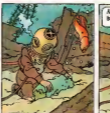
To be precise: we're pump-
ing.

OFF to bed, nitwit! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!



The next morning...

Something tells me Timon is going to find the treasure this morning.







Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke?... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...



A few minutes later...

Captain! ... Captain! ... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!



A casket! ... A casket! ... Red Rackham's treasure! ... Here it is at last!



Quick, into my cabin!



Hee! ... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.



It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this coal opener.



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.



Go on! Go on; don't worry, we're holding it ...



Got it! ...



Billions of billions plus blistering baronies in a thundering typhoon! ... It's not the treasure!



These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?



Come now, Captain, don't lose heart! ... We'll continue our search.

What's the use?









What can they be searching for like that?



But ... no, it's impossible!

What? ... What is so impos-



Think the treasure can be here!

W-w-what? ...
Why? ...



Just think... Supposing Sir Francis Haddock left the UNICORN, carrying the treasure: why would he have buried it here, at the foot of this cross? ... What would you have done in his place? On the day you left this island, you'd have taken the treasure with you, wouldn't you?

But then ...



Then? ... Probably the treasure is still out there, under the sea! ... And we've followed a false trail!

All because of that creature Calcutta, did - trying to fool us!



Yes, it's all your fault, you certified ignoramus!

Yes, I'm tired of telling you: it's further westwards!



Westwards! ...
Westwards! ... I'll give you westwards!



Now your infernal pendulum's gone west, you Olympic athlete, you!



Waaah!
Waaah!



Take that! ... And that! ... Now it's buried, posthumous pendulum!



There! ... And don't mention it again! Come on now, we're going back!



He's furious!





Now, Captain, you sit down while I go and have a look for those two...

All right.

I wonder where they've got to, the sillies!

Where has Timbo gone?

He's gone west!

I think I can hear him...

What on earth are you doing here?

Us? ... We're filling in this hole... It's safer... People never look where they're going...

Next day...

Well, you're quite made up your mind to go on searching?

For a few more days, Captain. Look, today is the 9th. If we haven't found anything by the 15th, we'll give up the game and go home...

Just as you please...

You won't regret it. And it will give us a chance to try and raise some of the remains of the UNICORN... The figurehead, for instance.

Off we go! Ramping again!

Here's to the 15th when we'll be able to stop! I'm fed up with this business...

Come to think of it, I haven't seen Calcutta today. Is he ill?

10
THURSDAY

11
FRIDAY

12
SATURDAY

What's up with Calcutta? He's not left his cabin for three days.

13

SUNDAY

Still no luck,
Captain...

14

MONDAY



15

TUESDAY



?

What...
What's hap-
pening?... It
looks as if...Oh dear,
I'm right!
...I must warn the
Captain!

Come on, Captain,
don't let this upset
you. It's bad luck,
I know, but you
must make the
best of it...



Captain!... Captain!...
The ship is sailing!

Well, what would
you like it to do?
Dance a jig?



Ah, I see now. At last
you have realized
that the UNICORN is
not where you were
looking; you are
staring westwards.
I understand...



I've had enough!
Come with me!



You see that, ah? I
suppose it's the figure-
head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn!
But what about my pendulum,
which swung to the west?...
How extraordinary...



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY





Hello. Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
...Yes...What?
The SIRIUS has
docked?...Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
dock at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in... I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.



All right. Good.

Now, please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.



Oh, it was nothing.

Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always keep safe
gettable memories of my stay
in board...



So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself: Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter"



"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?

It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip. May
I ask you a few
questions?



Of course...

I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calcolus;
he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.



Delighted...

Now Mr. Calcolus, about the treasure...



I'm sure you have it
there, in that sub-
case...



Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.

I can understand
that!... Now tell me,
what does the treasure
consist of?



Not... Not
really!...

No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?



Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!

Look, Mr. Calculus, I don't quite follow...



Of course! But let me give you a little advice: don't tell anyone!

And you may rely on me - I will keep this ably with ourselves!



Well, Captain, our mission is completed. Because he knew we were aboard, Max Bird didn't dare interfere with your activities.



No doubt... You're going now!

No, we're a bit tired... This journey, you know... and the pumping... We're going to spend a few days in the country with a farmer friend of ours.



Have a good holiday-day!

Now for the simple, healthy tasks of the countryside! No more pumping!



To be precise: no more pumping!

... and when you've finished crushing the oats, you can have a turn at the chaff-cutter.



Some days later...



Good morning, Tintin.



Hello, Professor Calculus. What brings you here?

Very well, thank you. And you... I've come to bring you the documents...



The documents?... What documents?...

No, the documents we found in the cabinet... Don't you remember?... I've tried to piece them together, sticking the fragments on sheets of paper. Some are illegible. Others, like that one, are comparatively easy to decipher.



I believe that one will interest the Captain particularly.



Great snakes! I think so too!

Come on! We must see the Captain!



Charles the Second, by ye Grace
of God King of England, desir-
ing to reward Our trusty and
beloved Knight, Francis Mar-
dock ... Risinge baronet!

The rest! Read
the rest!



That the Second by ye Grace
of God King of England, desir-
ing to reward Our trusty and
beloved Knight, Francis Mardocke
... Risinge baronet for his devoted ser-
vice, by grant and bestow Our
Majesty of Marlinspike
messanges and cleymants, ap-
prossed. Given and delivred
this fifteenth day of July
seventh year of 1677

Thundering by-
phones! And I
dreaming! It's Mar-
linspike Hall! ...
Marlinspike, my
family estate! It's
Marlinspike!



But you don't know the latest!
Wait, you'll see ...



Here ... read this!



Well, what about
that?



JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully
appointed, and historic residence
comprises parkland and

What about it? ... Well, Captain,
it's quite simple. Your family
estate is for sale! ... You must
buy it back!

Buy it back?
With what?



That's true ... We need
some money.

Ha-ha! ... If only
we'd found that
wretched treasure,
there'd be
no
question.



May I please have
a look, too?

Of course.



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for
sale! ... Look! We must buy
it back!

Oh,
yes?



Buy it back? ... That's
easy, eh? ... What about
the money? I suppose
you've got the money, eh?

Oh, yes, money! ...
That doesn't matter!







There, just on the spot given
on the old parchment, is the
island we want to...
Great work! The island's
moving!



The treasure!... The
treasure!... Shining
treasures! It's Red Rack-
ham's treasure!



We've found it!... We've
found it at last! Red Rack-
ham's treasure!... Look!
... Look!



It's stupendous!... Stupendous!... So Sir
Francis Haddock did take the treasure with
him when he left the UNICORN... And to
think we were looking for it half across the
world, when all the time it was lying here,
right under our very noses.



Thundering beryls, look
at this!... Diamonds!...
Pearls!... Emeralds!... Rubies!
... Er... all sorts!... They're
magnificent!



Sh!... Did you hear
that?



No...

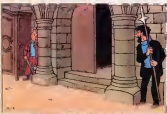
Listen... Footsteps!
... Someone's coming
towards the cellar
...



Quick! Get hold of a
weapon! We'll each
hide behind a
pillar...



Right!
Come on!



CAPTAIN HADDOCK

*Requests the pleasure of your company
in the*

MARITIME GALLERY

where relics of the ship

UNICORN

Are on display

Harbourside Hall

Well, what do you say, now, my
friends? All's well that ends
well, eh?

Just as I always
said: more to
the west!

Yes, yes, But I said: all's
well that ends well, Don't
you agree?

Your maritime gal-
lery?... I think it
is very successful!

Thanks, But I was just saying
that our adventures had a
happy ending. They've ended,
and happily!...

No thank you, Never
between meals.

No, no! Blistering barnacles!
All's well that ends well!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any
doubt!

... And this is just the moment
to quote that old saying: All's
well that ends well!